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1975

Reflections, 1975

Gainesville Junior College Humanities Division

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REFLECTIONS



ARCHIVE

Gainesville Campus

REFLECTIONS
GAINESVILLE JUNIOR COLLEGE
SPRING, 1975

debbie williams
editor

sharon rich
assistant editor

daniel buckley
art editor

staff

matthew bouler
shelia dewane
ron emmett
randy freeze
jan kerce
iris lloyd

charlotte smith
advisor

CONTRIBUTORS

margie baghose
joan bahan
matthew bouler
daniel buckley
jlb
amie chitwood
clown
luce crew
e. d. dewane
s. r. dewane
robert a. doyle
c. r. freeze
dee fuller
sherilyn garner
heyward gnann
lawrence gray
mike greene
lanier griffth
mike hall
cindy hamilton
dorthy harbin
claire hicks

susan holman
kay hudson
david humphrey
debra jones
a. j. kline
robert mcduffie
bobby miller
geneva morrison
oland
phil patterson
danny patton
melanie rees
r. reynolds
sharon rich
bob shisko
elizabeth r. smith
terry stafford
ed suggs
phyliss vaughters
debbie williams
rob wood
yang

cover design: debbie williams
inside cover photo: lanier griffth



Deformity

In a life of constant strain
to make a wish
or remembering your name
A little child is born
only to be laughed at
only to be scorned
 for life is just simplicity to her
 all colors are brown and gray
 all faces are the same
Would it be better
 if all the world were like her
 all prejudices obscure
 all planets just the sun
 in a world where
 one and one
 is
 one.

S. R. DeWane

*The head is an object of confusion,
The arms are limbs of disorder,
The legs are extension of nothings.*

Rob Wood

*What right has God to tell me what to do with my life?
... The same right a manufacturer has to say, "Dry clean only"
... The same right a composer has to say, "Legato"
... The same right a pharmacist has to say, "For external use only"
He made me, and He knows how I function best.*

Elizabeth R. Smith

*Poets and other people
Are forever
Writing of
Rainy afternoons,
Kites, butterflies, and sunsets,
Love and war always to be,
Laughter, tears, and
That feeling in between,
Picnics in the country
Cities, crowds, faces, abortions
All seen in the sands of a seashore,
Red, red roses never noticed in a ghetto,
Children, sex, old men, death,
Human bitterness, and even God
But my poem
Isn't about any of that stuff
It's about something else.*

Debbie Williams

NOTHING IS PERFECT

*You're starting to read
expecting a poem.
i have decided,
(with a flip of a coin)
that this will not be
a perfect little rhyme,
With all words just so
a rhythm in time.
It's only a verse,
With words here and there.
surely there must be
a mistake somewhere.
it isn't so often
you read things like this,
when author of poem
tells what will be missed.
the mistake is here.
A end of next lines
couldn't get all words
to rhyme perfectly.*

Bob Shisko

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

*I sit like a spider
At my typewriter
Weaving my web of words.
A little devil
 (named id)
Crawls out of
 the inkpot
And runs away with my eraser.
 Well,
There goes my inspiration.*

Sharon Rich

GONE

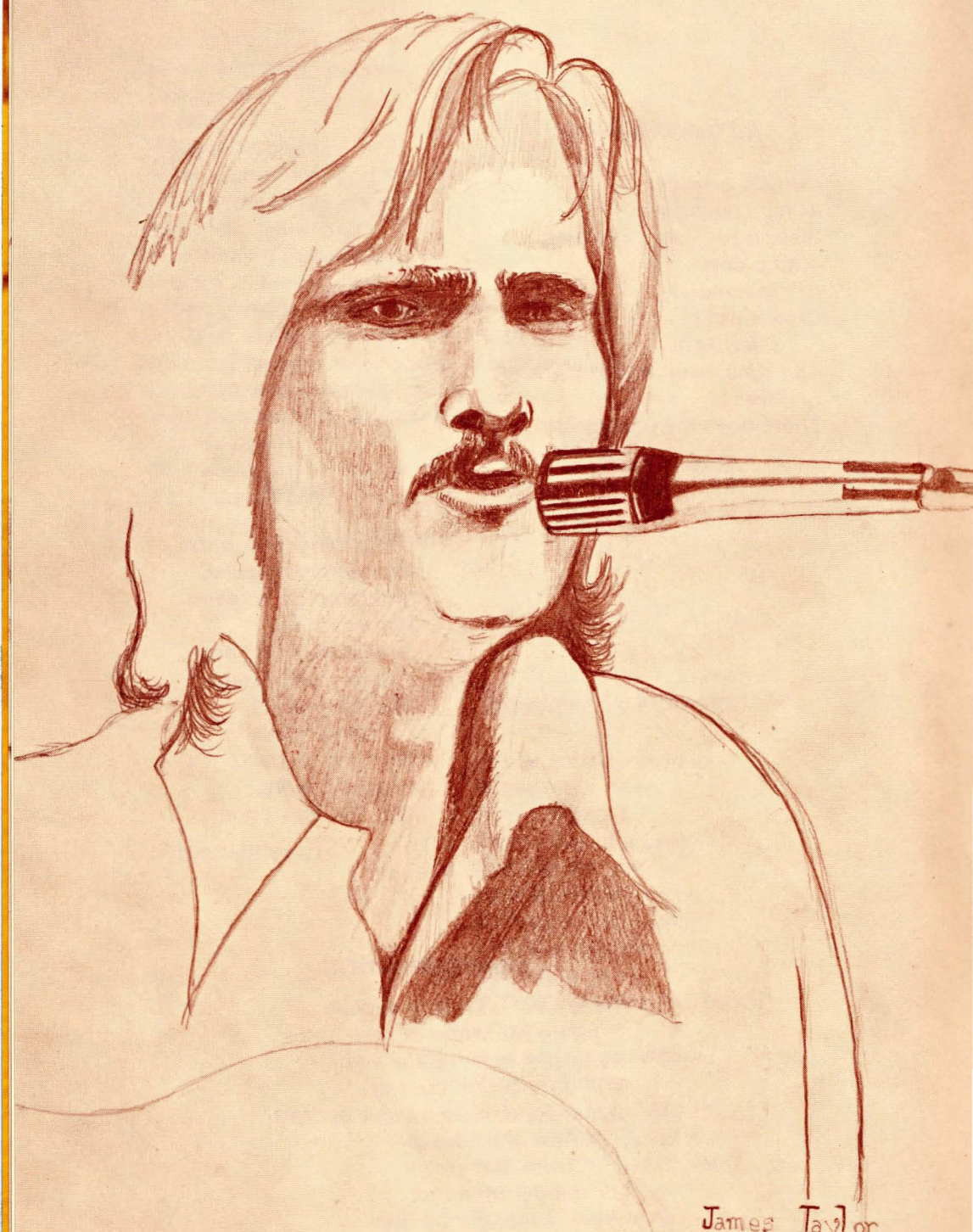
*Oh, endless thoughts;
Interrupted by sobs,
Shattered by screams,
Return to me.
Peacefully quiet now.
The children asleep,
The cat outside,
I'm ready now.
With pen in hand
Ready to write,
The feeling's gone.*

Terry Stafford

CONTEMPLATION

*Tired—yet unable to escape
 Into the world of rest.
Fantasies must fill the void
 Connecting the world of
Reality and make believe dreams.
 Real and Unreal—
 Truth and Lies—
 Matter no more.
What is thought by one
 Is honesty to whom it concerns.*

Melanie Rees



James Taylor
by Daniel,
Buckley - '75

ET CETERA

The 1950's: The Good Old Days?

*A decade of atomic bombs and drug store "Tums,"
of TV ads and college grads,
of streaking jets and Las Vegas bets,
of sleek cars and liquor bars,
of Presley songs and human wrongs,
of income tax and peaceless pax,
of restless crime and ghetto grime,
of comic books and Chinese "Gooks,"
of millionaires and Harry's swears,
of theft at Brink's and Ike's golf links,
of bikini suits and Communist groups,
of mental cases and New York's Macey's,
of Albert Einstein and uranium mines,
of mechanical wonders and political blunders,
of movie stars and soldiers afar,
of costly beef and social relief,
of rock'n roll, Mighty Mo on a shoal,
of cardiographs and military drafts,
of Jack Robinson in sports, Jim Crow guilty in courts,
of New York Yankees and Senator Kennedy,
of long-skirted "Miss's" and lover's kisses.*

*With lover's kisses
Time will sustain
What lover's kisses
Insure for a new age:
A generation to write
Their et cetera page.*

Heyward Gnann

MEMORIES

*Memories are pictures of the past
That are kept in the mind,
Or sometimes in the heart.
Memories can sometimes be unkind,
And those we'd choose to forget
Seem determined to remain.
To haunt us, to make us,
Seemingly just to bring pain.
But memories are the remainder of life,
Life that has already been lived.
They show us where we've failed before,
And give us a place to build.*

Kay Hudgins

FOR US

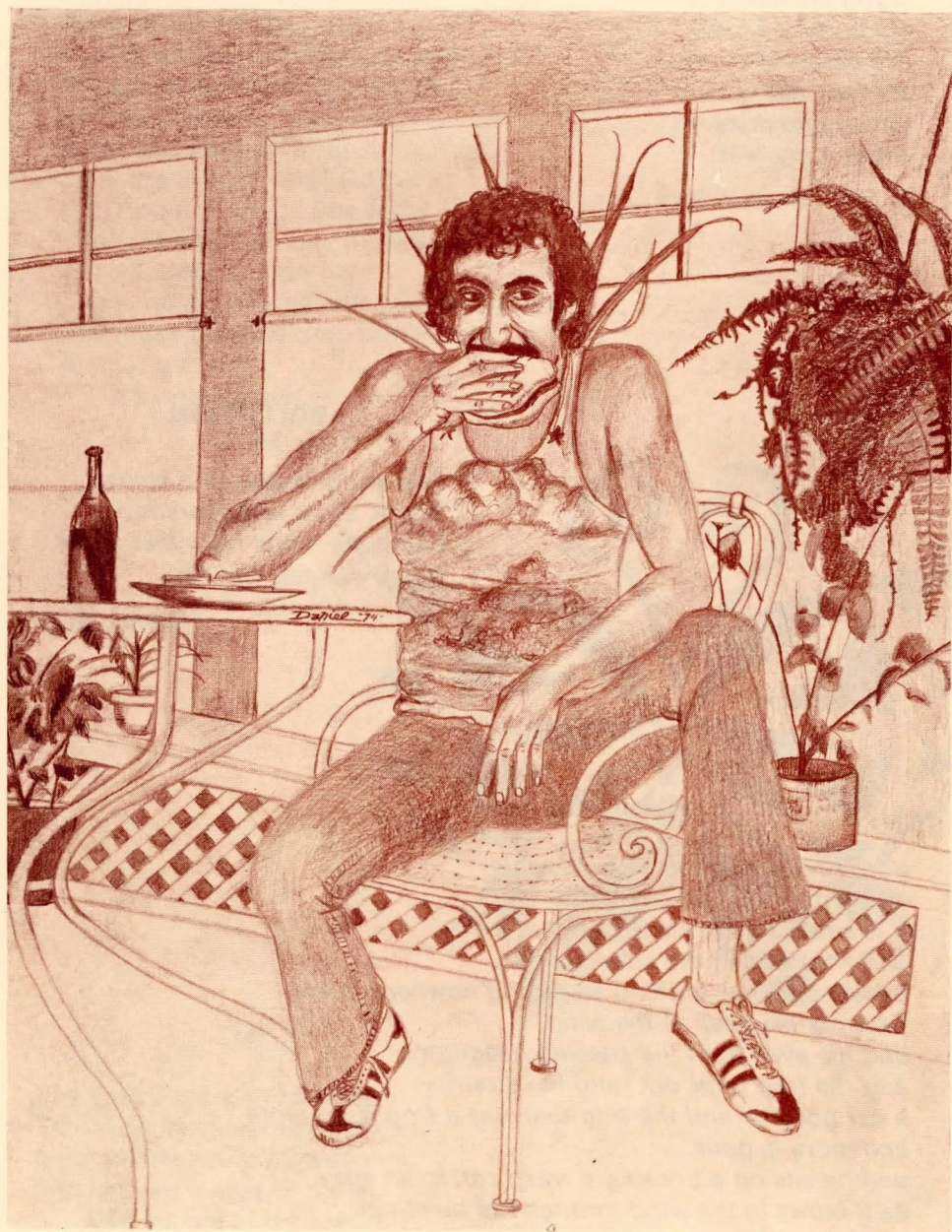
*Now is timeless joy.
Belly laughs till dawn.
Mother Nature calls:
A fact, a burp, a shit,
All is centered.*

*You sit across the room.
We live among the sharing
of hopes
of dreams
of knowing
Mostly of knowing.*

*Centuries of culture
Cremate our consummation.
Our granddaughters will be
Between silken sheets, delighted.
All colors then exposed and free.*

*The room dims.
A candle flickers.
I feel a fire that never dies:
Now is timeless joy.*

Claire Hicks



ACCLAIM

*The world applauds
If you are silent
My curtain smiles
Die before they reach
My face falling in
Little jagged pieces
Around my feet.*

Sharon Rich

POLLUTION

*The world began as a shiny
Bright apple and everyday
Man took a bite from that apple.
Now I can see the core.*

Bobby Miller

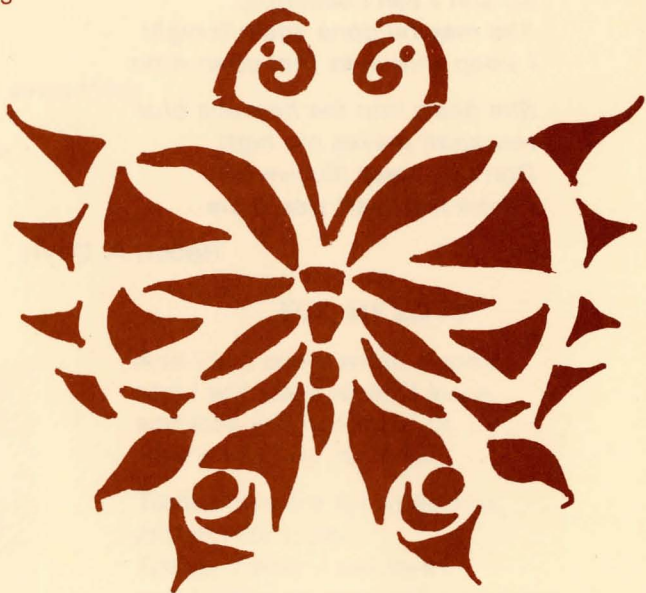
and more is gone

*a frog hops out onto the sidewalk
as a frog would do at night
it is small and thin and pale but a frog
and he wanders the streets alone
because he has nothing to be and nowhere to go
he turns his back to the wind
and his eyes from the passing headlights
and the frog hops out onto the street
a car goes by and the frog that was a frog is no more
and more is gone
and he sits on a brick by a trash can in an alley
as it blows in the wind through the buildings
and moans into the stars
and more is gone*

David Humphrey

*There she goes like a butterfly on a cloud
Slow, easy, aware,—but searching
Searching for what?
Life, Death, Joy, Contentment
Does she know the answer? No!
Now she moves, steady and strong
But she peers over her shoulder
Someone may be upon her
Stop, Let them catch up
They are almost here! Go on!
Don't wait on them. She trips!
She falls over her love of living
The shadow is upon her
Panic, relief, they all enter her thoughts
She looks up expecting the answer
A sign, a frown,
It's only herself.*

R. Reynolds



LIFE

*The cool clear water rushes,
Tumbling, turning over the rocks.
Light faintly filters between
The layered leaves of green.
Day begins and ends,
Leaving the beauty
Of life.*

Melanie Rees

ILLUSIVE LOVE

*I watched her fly into my life
So swift her beauty came,
She flew with wings of silver plumes
I had to know her name.*

*Searching for a place to land
Her eyes they rest on mine,
She soars, she glides, she curves in flight-
She spreads her wings so fine.*

*Into my sky she winged her way
The rise and fall so smooth,
With grace found only up so high
She tries to find the truth.*

*She rests her weary feathers white
So soft I can't describe,
She may be gone again tonight
I sleep with eyes that open wide.*

*She fleets into the heavens blue
Her spirit makes me high,
Don't fly away illusive love
I think my heart would die.*

Robert A. Doyle



COME GENTLY TO ME

*Lying in a field of grass,
Not caring what they say,
This is a new Genesis,
The dawning of another day,
Come Gently To Me.*

*They are there,
Forever talking but never taking action,
Fly to the moon,
Within our unaccepted faction,
Come Gently To Me*

*Things are different
That I tell,
With me
They will try to put you in jail,
Come Gently To Me*

*Within their hold,
You are dead,
We're thinking or doing everything
Except what they said,
Come Gently To Me
I love you.*

Oland

FLY, MY LOVE

*And I will come when I come,
and I will leave when I leave,
and love will not know of
where I will lay my head.*

*Tomorrows are for tomorrow,
and not for today.
Today, Today I will love
and be free as the wind and warm
as the fire that burns within my heart,
for you.*

*Today, I will expand,
and reach for heights
unknown, worlds not seen and
sounds unheard of.*

Today, I will love.

Danny Patton

From random pages of
 long ago
 Two faces, colors, textures
 pass
 Along my aging inner
 vision's flow
 Of shifting patterns,
 thence and past.



Was she dark or was she fair?
 And why should now her image play
 Before my screen of when and where
 As I in docile age decay?

Darksome Beauty, framed in ebon hair
 That hints of Gypsy laughter shifts
 once more

To lightsome blond and
 haunting, regal stare
 Of eyes as grey as
 northern mists of
 Saxon's shore.



Light or Dark I can not
 evoke from aged mind
 The moments shared, the
 when and where that
 she was mine!

Poem and Photographs by A. J. Kline
 Hair Styles and Costumes for *Little Foxes* by Joan Bahan

BEAUTY

*Birth of a child
Earth below us
A tree as it blooms
Universal love
The times that I've spent with
You.*

Cindy Hamilton

*i never knew her,
i never knew she lived or what she did,
i never knew her good,
i never knew her bad,
i was just existing, never living,
 never loving, never knowing
i never knew the park she walked in
 or the beach she played on
 or the sea she swam in
i never knew
 love
 til she came to me
like a rainbow a far off,
 out of the deep purple sea:
 my "love";
she came to me;
i was just existing, never living,
never loving, just existing, never knowing.
unchanging, unchanging, unchanging*

Danny Patton

AWAY

*Warm she stands by the sun-lit screen,
Folded arms above a swelling womb.
She carries our child, placid, serene
Life weaving on the master's loom.*

*Softly in the still night she cries,
Weeping for our unborn child.
Weeping for the father away from her bed,
Longing for the time he was there.*

*Musing I sit, by the window full
Of Spring with its newborn life
Longing to hold my child in my arms
Longing to rejoin my wife.*

Yang

JOURNEY

*Restless wandering over musty tomes
The fire inside is a glare on the page.
To whom is the missive, where is the home?
Why is the mystic, what is the sage?*

*Grappling about, locked fore to aft,
Spinning about through vacuum and earth.
Fire and ice, the wise man daft.
Slowly the newborn begins his dirge.*

*Crying out over the vacant fields,
Borne on the wind, lightly rising,
Settling again to the hungry soil
Resting or waiting, born or dying . . .*

Yang

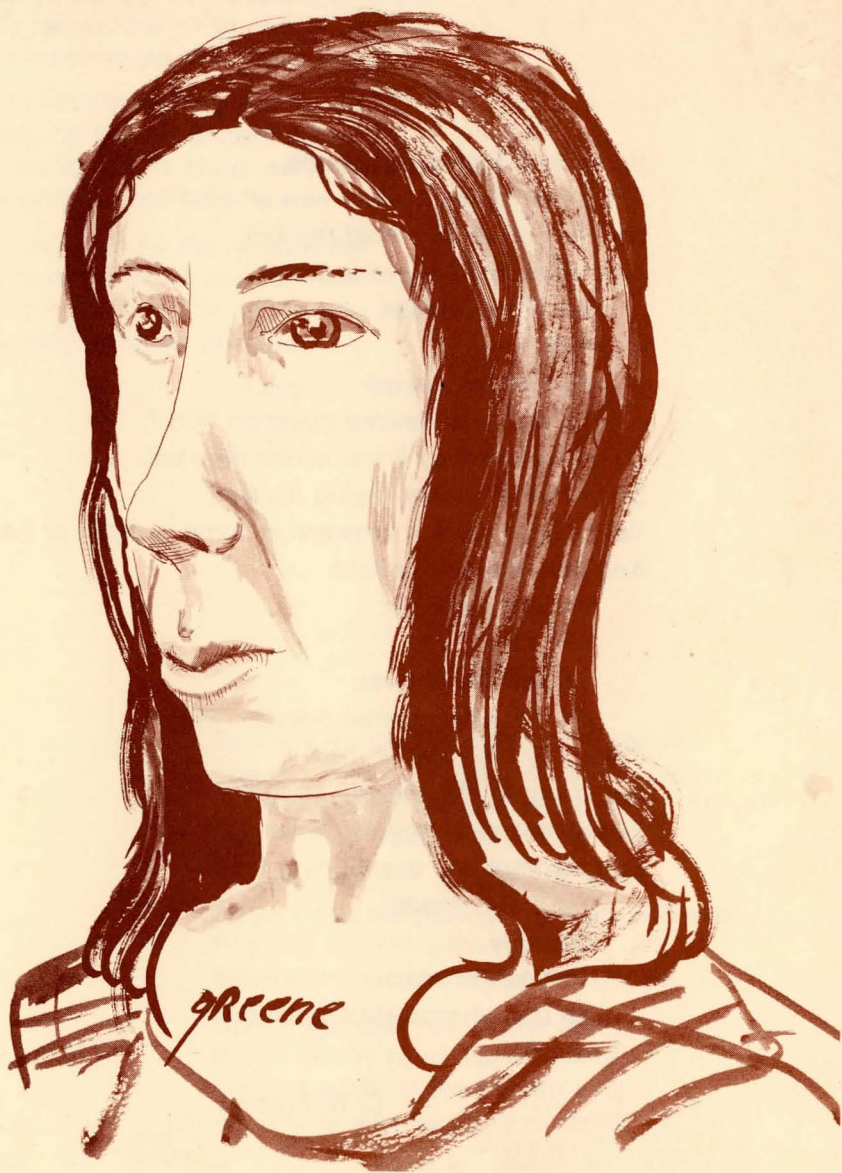


WHY?

*Some men look down on me,
Some jeer to my back,
For they think they hold the key,
And what they believe is fact.
Yet still I wonder,
Still I try,
To find the answer,
To that unanswered question Why?
Some believe they know where they are,
Some live each day saying it's true,
Yet I search for the answers at home, school, or bar
And they think me a fool.
Yet still I wonder,
Still I try,
To find the answer,
To that unanswered question Why?
Some say that God is there,
Some say to me—he will be fair,
Yet some say to Hell with you,
You incompetent questioning fool.
Yet still I wonder,
Still I try,
To find the answer,
To that unanswered question,
Why?*

C. R. Freeze





MYSELF

*I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know,
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,
And hate myself for things I have done.*

*I don't want to keep on a closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself, as I come and go,
Into thinking that nobody else will know,
The kind of woman I really am;
I don't want to dress up myself in sham.*

*I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all women's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and self
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.*

*I can never hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see;
I know what others may never know;
I never can fool myself and so,
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience free,
But most important, I want to be me!*

Amie Chitwood

SOCIETY

*The human race is silly,
I hate its fickle ways,
I wish that I could love myself
And be a hermit the rest of my days.*

*I'd never have to change my clothes
Or comb my stringy hair,
I'd sit around and sing all day
And never have a care.
Oh yes! It would be wonderful
To do just as I please,
With no one there to call me down
If I want to climb up trees.*

*I'd just sit back in peace sublime
Enjoying my propriety,
I'd never think of etiquette
And I'd laugh at society.*

Phyllis Vaughters

THE FRUITS OF LABOR

Oh, to find a place
That I might rest;
To ease my mind,
Forget my fears
Collected through the years.

How did I get here
And where am I going?
What is my purpose;
Can I have a goal
To seek, eventually achieve?

Why all the pressure,
Is this my fault?
Where have I failed?
The fruits of labor,
It seems, are lemons!!!

Terry Stafford



A MATTER OF NEEDS

You were so ugly
That it was fate
That I would want
You and have to
Have you. You with
Your mercedes' nose.
Such a cute radiator.
A cozy little trunk
Just big enough
For a picnic basket
For two! You were
What I had been
Waiting for. At the
First glimpse of you,
I knew we were
To become the best
Of pals. I could
See us on a
Windy day flying
A kite over a
Huge grassy
Hill just off
The expressway.
And anytime
We felt the urge
We could go
Driving along a scenic
Highway in the
Mountains. Clover,
What went wrong.



Oh, Clover, you
Disappointed me so.
We never took
Those long joy
Drives together for
You were constantly
Letting off your
Steam amid a
Crowded street.
And during storms
When I needed
Your cooperation
Most, you became
Obstinate and refused
To wipe the rain
From your vision.
And today, I saw
Where you had
Been shedding
Your black tears.
Now you have
Embarassed me
In front of everyone.
Please don't make
It difficult for us.
I'll have to
Trade you in.

But first I
Want to know
Why you cry.
Why do you cry
When I leave you?
You are not
Crying for me,
Are you? I
Understand it
Now. You weep
For something
Better than what
You have. Like
A better friend perhaps?
Clover,
Let's stay together.
And this time
I'll do my share
Of giving.

Sherilyn Garner

YONDER FRIENDLY TREE

*The sparkling light
Through yonder friendly tree
Is as it was
And will be.*

Margie Baghose



Photography: Sharon Rich

I Like This Tree

I feel like walking

around this tree

past this tree

under this tree

I like this tree.

Margie Baghose

THE HUNT

One good shot, I thought to myself. That's all it takes, one good shot. I could already hear my companions, Hank and Bill, congratulating me on getting a big one. I had always felt that it was wrong to shoot a helpless, innocent deer, but my fellow hunters had somehow convinced me to come along.

The sound of the Winchester .30-.30 echoed through the forest. A silence followed the loud thunder. The silence was so loud that it almost made the forest seem alive. After the silence came the forest messages, as if the animals were asking one another for whom the bell had tolled today? But, a sigh of relief came when I found I had only shot off an antler. "Well," I said to myself, "an antler is better than nothing," and I headed back for camp in the dark of the night.

I returned to camp only to find the place in utter confusion. All the faces in the camp were glowing by the light from the fire and each had a puzzled and troubled look. As I got closer, I caught a glimpse of Hank's body lying next to the fire as if he was injured. I scurried in and Bill quickly explained that Hank's body had been found at the bottom of the drop. He had evidently slipped and fallen while hunting. All that was found at the site of the accident was Hank's gun and a multitude of deer tracks. The hunters from a nearby camp who had helped to carry Hank's body had departed since we had decided to wait until morning to head for the nearest town.

I went to sleep very upset about the entire hunting trip and I was immediately sorry that I had come. After hours of tossing and turning I finally fell into a deep sleep. I had a very strange and frightening dream. In my mind I was traveling through a very dark cave that was in the middle of the woods. As I walked deeper into the cave I came to a large, open, and lighted room. At the back of the room I spotted several deer and each one had a very unusual look of satisfaction on his face, if there is such a thing in the deer world. I quickly turned to leave, but something caught my eye. There on the wall were mounted three heads. And what was even more startling is that the heads were those of Bill, Hank, and me. I turned to dart from the cave, and as I did, it seemed as if I could hear the deer chanting, "An eye for an eye!"

I awoke in a jerk to find that it was barely daylight. I hurried to find Bill to tell him of my frightful dream. As I departed from the tent I glanced at the creek nearby and it appeared as if Bill was getting some water. "Bill," I shouted loudly "Bill." There was no answer. I quickly ran and raised Bill up to find blood gushing up from his mouth.

I immediately froze in a fear that I had never felt before and to this day I could not describe. When the muscles in my body relaxed my mind began to wonder what in the hell I was going to do now. A noise in the nearby thicket caught my attention and I looked up in desperation.

What I saw was totally shocking. A large group of deer began to gather round the camp, and at the head of the group stood a deer with only one antler. I turned and began running and running and . . .

Debra Jones



THREE MEN

*There once were three men lined on a wall,
Two were short, the other tall.
Two were fat, one was thin,
All three men wore a wide grin.
All of these men had something in common.
It wasn't their height, it wasn't their grin.
If you can't guess, read this again.*

Ed Suggs

STATOO-OHO

*Merrily, merrily blows the breeze
Furiously, furiously click the keys.
Summing X
And summing Y
And summing XYZ's.*

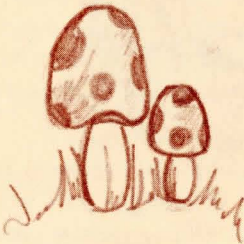
*Softly, softly falls the snow.
Square the sum
And sum the squares*

*Squared sum?
Sum square?*

Ho

Hum.

Luce Crew



S. R. DWANE

LITTLE BLACK CITY HEN

Say, Little Black Hen, where have you been?

"Scratching and pecking in the sidewalk sand."

Say, Little Black Hen, what did you see?

"A nail, a button, and a dead bumble bee."

Little Black Hen, what are you after?

"Food, love, and laughter."

Well shut my mouth, did you find them here?

"Not yet, not yet, but I'm scratching everywhere."

Say, Little Black Hen, did you see that tall boy walking

Down the street, his arms, legs, and body moving like a symphony?

Is that love or laughter?

"It could be either or both, depends on what you're after."

Say, Little Black Hen, what is fatality?

"Why, that's when you go beyond reality."

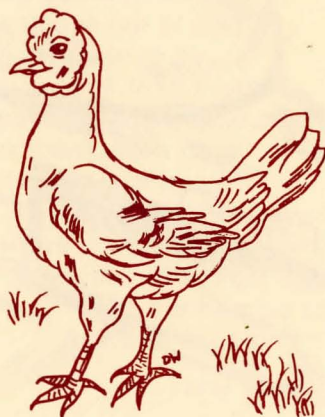
Say, Little Black Hen, what then is real to you?

"Love, green grass, and a sky that's blue."

Say, Little Black Hen, where will your scratching end?

"Why, sure as fate, it will end where it began."

Margie Baghose





1/60/75 D.S. Williams

SNOW-STONED

*The snow-white albatross
smiled down upon
My hazy, smoke-filled dreams.
And whisper worlds flew slowly by.
The better to see a view.*

Clown

THE DRIFTER

*Float along piece of wood
With barnacles as a coat.
Catch you if I could
So you could not float.
 Maybe you used to be
 A paddle for a craft
 That busily cruised the sea;
 Sails waiting for a draft.
A piece of a chest
That held your treasure well
Until the sea proved best
Shattering you with a swell.
 Now you're out of sight
 With no place to go.
 Will you sink from fright,
 Or continue floating so slow?
Are there more down deep
That will never float again?
 For reasons she couldn't explain?
 Have your friends grown old
 And faded from your sight?
 Then your heart is cold
 As ice in the night.*

Terry Stafford

PICKING A FLOWER

*Picking a flower
It is pretty
Bright, cool, and fresh
In the springtime sun
Sprung up from the cool moist ground*

*A child will pick it
A girl, a young man, an old lady
And it is theirs, all to themselves
Take it home
In a vase of water
Isn't my flower pretty
Wilted, throw it away*

*Flower, I speak to you
I know you, you know me
But it is not easy to know your voice
Or to know what moves when we move and when we don't
I know we are true creatures
And we are one
And we will always have each other*

*This is my flower
What flower
There's nothing there
What is yours
You have no flower
You never did
You have gathered to yourself much nothing
You take only away*

David Humphrey



I LOOKED FOR A ROSE

*I looked for a rose in life's garden:
I searched, but there was but one to find.
"Why is there no one," I thought, as I traveled,
"Surely, there is one that is mine."
Could it be they are lost, or perhaps they have strayed;
And cannot find their way!
So I looked and I waited- -
I longed for the one whom I might see some day,
And then remembered the ninety and nine,
And the one that had wandered astray;
If I would keep looking, just looking and praying- -
This rose, one day I might see!*

*The Lord loves holiness, I know,
But his holiness I could not find;
Oh where could it be, this wonderful love- -
This love that I couldn't call mine.*

*Yes, I remembered the words of my Jesus,
"Ye have done it unto Me."
Could it be they are looking? Could it be they are searching:
Perhaps they are searching for me.*

*So as I traveled onward, I noticed,
A change taking place in me;
Maybe, Oh maybe, at last I had found it!
Perhaps this rose was in me!
If I could just learn to give of this love- -
So precious, pure, and so true;
I know that this love that I give, will come back;
The rose then at last, is in view.*

Geneva Morrison

A SOUL, AS MY OWN.

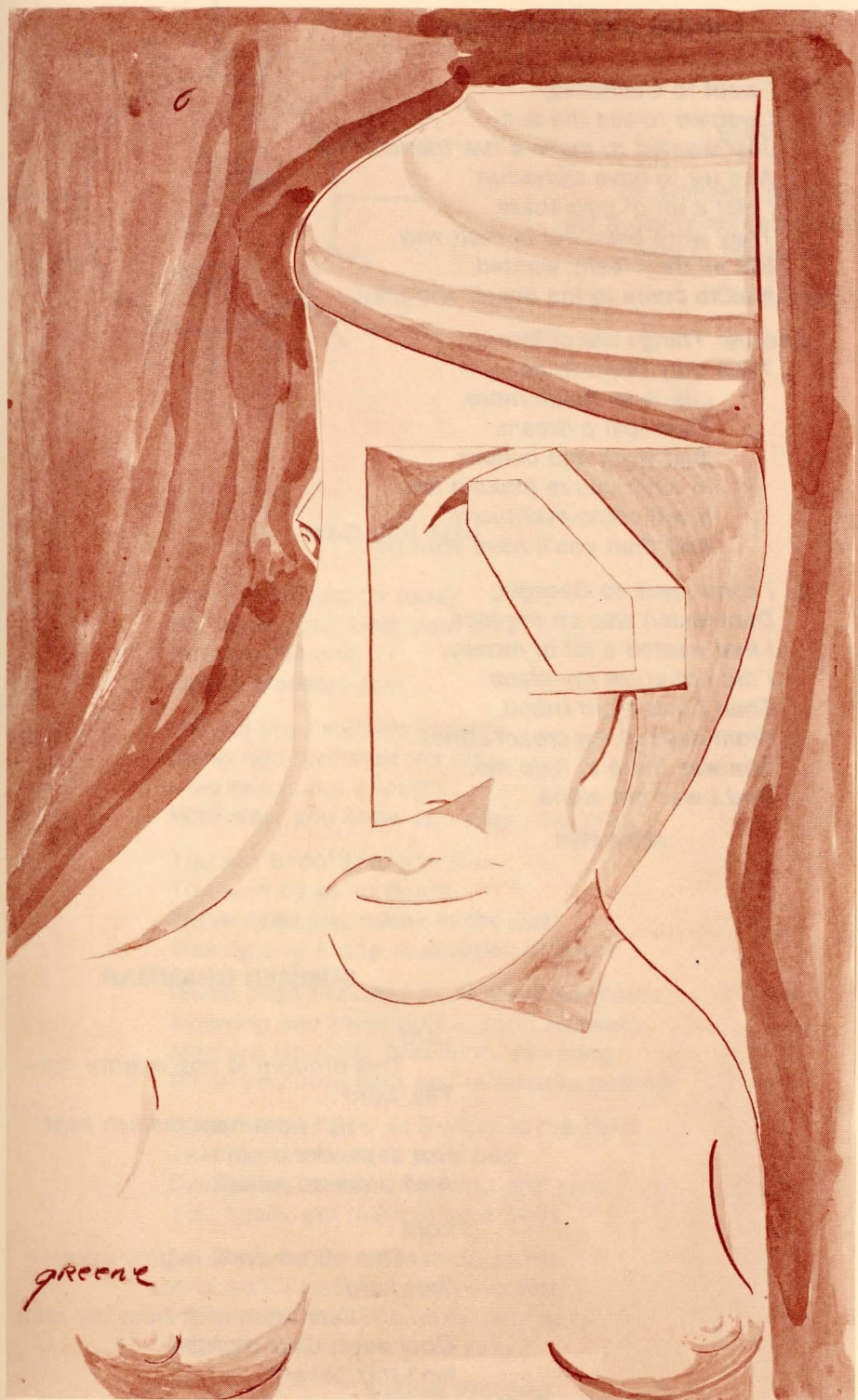
*A plane is not a plane,
A train is not a train.
There are people inside,
Like myself, warm and breathing.
People inside, at the task of livelihood.
People inside, with joys and problems as my own.*

*A man is not a man,
He seeks and thinks he can.
A man rustic in appearance,
Is lonely in his soul.
Or a woman, much admired for body,
Bears a seeking soul, as my own.*

*The body is not the man,
Black, or white, or tan.
A person is a soul, without color or kind.
An undeveloped soul is beautiful.
Every soul God loves very much.
And I love that soul, as my own.*

*The plane is not a plane.
The train is not a train.
For the reward, seek people inside.
For the reward, seek souls of people.
In seeking souls God finds identity.
For self seeks souls hidden as your own.*

Matthew Boulter



THINGS ARE DIFFERENT

1. *I went to California,
I wanted to see the sun.
Just wanted to make a few friends,
And try to have some fun.
I met a lot of girls there,
They were beautiful in their way.
But all they really wanted,
Was to come to the beach and play.*

*Chorus: Things are different,
Than they seem to be.
Life is so much more,
Than just a dream.
Just work and believe,
In what you're looking for,
It will come eventually,
And then you'll have your par.*

2. *I came back to Georgia,
Depression was on my face,
I had wasted a lot of money,
I did not know my place.
Then I met a girl friend,
From days of ice cream cones.
She was there to help me,
And I was not alone.*

Mike Hall

SUMMER GRAMMAR

Lord . . .

*This drought is hot, mighty hot—
Yes, Lord . . .*

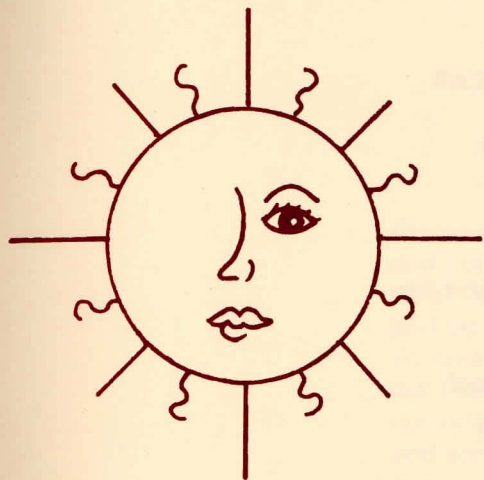
*Hot from heat, hellish heat;
Hot days, Hot nights—
Ain't there no relief?*

Lord . . .

*This rain is cool, mighty cool—
Yes, Lord . . .*

*Cool from rain, heav'nly rain;
Cool days, Cool nights—
Isn't this belief?*

Heyward Gnann



SUN

*Its brilliant rays shine
As a newly minted quarter
Lying in the sand.*

Cindy Hamilton

MADAME SUN

*Don't hide from us today
We know your kind, your way
You are the one
Called Madame Sun*

*Let not your sudden frigidity
Bring rain drops on the city
—so rain is not enough
With sleet and snow you play your bluff*

*You are a fool Madame Sun
To deem us as so dumb
We've seen you sneak in the East
Waking and luring multitudes of beast*

*We've been exposed to your hottest hours
Moaning and thirsting for noon showers
Men are laboring, breathing, sweating
While you burn with lust in favorite petting*

*We've viewed you as Sunset in the West
This performance is your best
Dressed in passionate pinks and reds
You finally get them in your beds*

*So Madame Sun please do shine
And we'll toast you and your kind
We've seen you hot, loose, and sexy
Must you continue to be vexy?*

Debbie Williams

FEAR

*Acrophobia, for heights,
Hydrophobia, for water,
Fear of dark places,
Fear of closed places.*

*Terror, violent and paralyzing,
Panic, sudden danger,
Alarm, first warning,
Dread, powerless to avoid.*

*Everyone experiences it.
Everyone dreads it.
Everyone avoids it.
Everyone needs it.*

*If not for fear, then joy would overcome the Earth.
Then the world would fear joy, maybe it is better
To fear things that need to be fearful.*

Phil Patterson

*BrevitySlowly,
Brief Slow,
ShortInfinitely,
Death No.*

Explanation

The poem is a paradox. The ideas brought forth in each line are controversial of each other but each makes sense in the definition of life.

Oland

RUNNER

*Blacktop road unfolds in straights
and curves as imperceptibly as time.
What is horizon comes to past,
and lap is born as lap is dead.
To count ahead is death beheld,
but I am now the massive suck of wind,
convulsive leap of blood;
and somewhere far the steady
piston stroke of limb.*

Dee Fuller

IDEOLOGIES

Ideologies grown fierce—

*have you heard the din which mute armies don't understand?
those restless ears you impel to listen!*

*have you touched the groan which mute armies carry under
battle packs?*

those restless bodies you impel to march!

*have you tasted the pang which mute armies carry in gnawing
bellies?*

those restless stomachs you impel to hunger!

*have you smelled the violence which mute armies gut from
chaos?*

those restless hands you impel to carnage!

*have you seen the dead which mute armies don't bury?
those restless eyes you impel to witness!*

*have you sensed the frenzies which mute armies find fierce?
those restless minds you impel to insanity!*

Heyward Gnann

*Looking through sorrowful eyes
The old man saw himself
Within the cold, wretched shack.
It, like himself, was thrown aside
For others and left to care for
Itself in a world where loneliness
Is not a virtue but hell,
And he cried.
He cried because he was unhappy.
He cried for the cold, wretched shack.*

C. R. Freeze



Photography: Sharon Rich

*Four walls of loneliness
All circled round.
I am so alone what can I do.
All my friends have up and died
No one knows how long I cried.
These walls which encase, they
Hold no life.
All I know is misery and strife.
One old man so alone, no one
Loves him no one cares, no one
Knows the burdens he bears.
All he knows are the walls
Around, why have we let
This old man down.*

Ed Suggs

*This is the end
for once I was a grape
and all the hopes
and all the dreams
couldn't stop me from
becoming
a raisin.*

S. R. DeWane

THE GRANDMOTHER

*Rocking, Rocking. . .
Gently spinning away on a golden pendulum
The threads of life. . .
Staring with hollow eyes through the
 infinities of time and
Weaving the veins of the past into her
 eternal web of retrospection. . .
Ticking away the hours of each generation
 in monotones of an unbroken eternity. . .*

Sharon Rich

*The old woman,
Weary with work,
Stood reflecting on
Her triumphs and defeats.*

*The sand, the surf,
The endless sounding of waves
Upon the beach,
Time seems to stand still,
And for the moment—there is peace.*

Susan Holman

THE DAMNED

*Scream, kick, bite, scratch,
Moan sobs, cry tears,
Kill men, hate life,
Slash with a knife,
Pull the cold trigger,
Rush to your deaths,
Die in your strife.*

*Are we a judge?
Careen to the west.
Gloat your way east,
A smile against enemies
Rather than real pity.
Crush the wrong doers,
Make them die young.*

Terry Stafford



*You first deceived me
In cartoons
When I was a little girl
You were the wolf
Dressed in sheep's clothing.*

Debbie Williams

*Clear cold sharp wind
Covering the grounds with
An ice-thick chill
Look over the hills,
Deep into a tree.
Looking, unease, searching.
Something else somewhere,
Can't find it.
Then there is mentioned
A place, other place
And I know what is gone.
You.*

Yang

HELLO AND GOODBYE, DOLLY

*I didn't ask for it, you see, it was just sent to me
This budding realization that there was you, you see.
That there was a kindred spirit, who understood so well
The recoil from life's bruises that on us both fell.*

*Your bright soft eyes reflected the fear that you had known
Your face betrayed the anguish with which your soul was torn.
My heart went out, so did my hand, without my knowledge or
command;
It just seemed right somehow for me, to feel that you accepted
me;
That I should just receive the gift that warmed the chill in me.*

*The spark that you had kindled in the cold hearth of my soul
Was fanned to life as day by day we struggled for our goal.
It wasn't like a thunderclap or blinding revelation
But grew into my conscious mind as in anticipation
I harked to hear your footsteps tripping down the hall
And see that prim, pert face light up as with a cheerful call
You filled the room with sunshine and gladness for us all.*

*The struggling spark began to glow and to my consternation,
I found myself the victim of complete infatuation.
This caused me pause, I must confess, for this was a dilemma
To find myself a silly boy with eyes so all aglimmer.
This can't be you! I told myself, who'd tasted of life's pleasure
Who took from all and left again to seek another treasure.
Could this at last be what I've sought, and thought I'd find it never;
Sent right to me by circumstance, the greatest treasure ever.*

*You understood, you told me then, and made me feel all right
again,
Without restraint, you told me now, your life was torn apart
and how
You had stood firm and resolute, although at times, near destitute.
You had your faith and set your goal as higher, nobler things;
you told
Me that your way was eased a bit and that I was the cause of it.
My fatal zeal began to rise, my mission clear, as in the skies
Crusading rockets on the rise foretold my love without disguise,
And you relieved of all your needs, would kiss your Knight for
his great deeds.*

*In worldly goods I seemed so blessed, it hurt me when you were
distressed;
I longed to see the joy break through when I should give it all
to you*

Your chiv'lrous Knight, so proud and true, could not see then so
well as you.

That his was not the deep green clover; that days for Knights
would soon be over.

My faith was strong that I felt the way I did inside myself
That this big glow must surely come right from your heart,
oh winsome one,
And I upon my charger stood, to joust the world, I surely would,
To help in all the ways I could, my symbol of sweet mother-
hood.

No one was ever more amazed when this warm glow within me
blazed

Into a fire so bright, intense, it hurt my breast and took my
sense

Of all but you and your warm clasp and left me trembling there to
gasp

As you rushed by in such great haste, I turned around and
blindly chased

You till I caught you at the door, you forced a smile, but little more,
Before your charm, I nearly crumbled and very awkwardly, I
mumbled

Some pathetic little theme that somehow to you did not seem
Worth the while for all the pain that now was burning in my
brain

Was pushed aside for someone who had caused you pain down
inside too.

I buried you today, dear heart, and even though we now do part
I have my heart back, cold and bare, a gaping wound where
you were there,

But it will heal in time not far and there will be the ugly scar
A mark that no one else can see, for no one knows but you and
me.

My heart is hard, my eyes are dry; it would help some if I could cry
But tears won't come up from the breast where all is void and
so depressed

Where that warm glow used to rest. Struck down by fate, I failed
the test.

Perhaps the salty tears would surge if I could hear a funeral
dirge

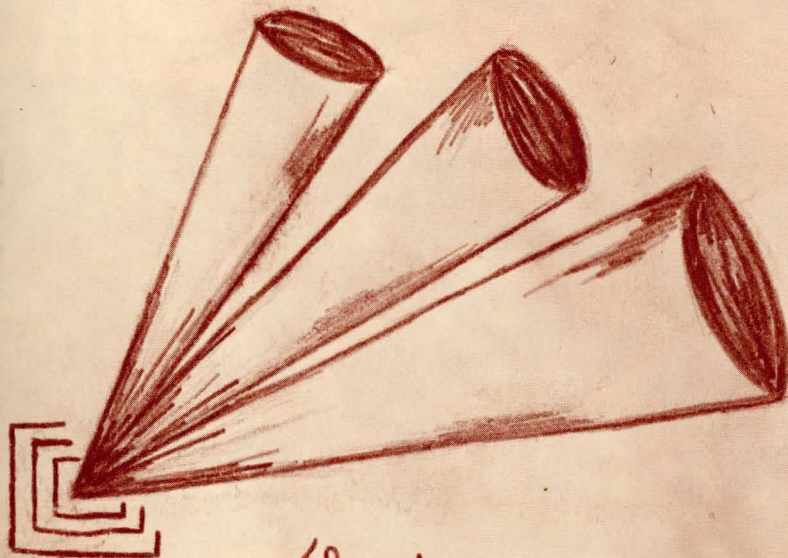
And rough earth tumbling on the spot in my mental burial plot
Where tenderly I kissed the glow and closed the lid to go
below,

But this I fear, my dear, can't be, for even though in spite of me
I find that when I look down deep, your love's not dead, it's
just asleep,

And buried there as it should be is all the hurt that was in me
The bitterness I buried there and my stout heart will stand
repair.

Clutched by death's cold hand, despair'd, I raised my eyes to God
up there
And prayed and prayed that I could see what future that there
was for me
A frightening trance possessed my being, for His reply I soon was
seeing.
Extremely strange does fate entwine, I saw your future, Anne,
not mine.
This aewsome burden, I must confess, I carry, but with some
distress
And now I pray for what is best; for you, dear Anne, must do
the rest.
And so, dear Anne, your memory's sweet. I'll treasure it until we
meet
As friends, no less, by your good grace, and with a smile upon
my face.
My love for you, Anne, did not die, but waits for you, dear, bye
and bye.
Now I have peace, My Dolly, here's why, the hot tears have
gushed and
Now I can cry.

Lawrence Gray



DEATH

*a bolt of black cloth
Which will never see color
Will enfold my soul.*

Cindy Hamilton

The time has come to bid farewell
to all this crazy
insane hell
I'll close my eyes and go to sleep
letting tiny, illuminated
sandmen creep
far into the depths of my soul
pumping, beating waters flow
changing their scarlet shades of hue
fix my face to a hideous blue
The pills I thought I could never swallow
have drained my existence—
I
i
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e
I
e
s
s . . .
hollow.

S. R. DeWane

THE END

Darkness—
 Slowly engulfs the day.
Exhaustion—
 Gradually overcomes some.
Happiness—
 *Is instilled upon the souls
 Of those whose fear,
 Is of the truth,
 That daylight brings.*

Melanie Rees



*i am here among these halls
purely because i love the walls
the walls are steady, sure and sound
i do not like those that are round
but much prefer them that are square
a reason that will find me there
among the building of the trees
into houses and then these
something more than oaken trees
fallen men come to their knees
and if you ask me why i quail
at rooms and corners fenced with rail
remember then i love the walls
not heeding natured gentle calls
a prison made of my own mind
a paper that has once been signed
bound over to a greater care
far above me but I would dare
to escape these halls, to flee
to search and find what's left of me
and if I cannot find it then
I'll pick me up and start again*

*I can rest and end my race
but until i leave these tear-stained halls
i must admit, i love the walls.*

jlb

REALIZATION

*Confined in a room
Knowing--
The Truth.
Afraid to enter
Wishing--
A Change.
Dissatisfied with self
Avoiding--
The Enemy.
Realizing the fact
Meeting--
The End.*

Melanie Rees

